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beauty,"—the river, no longer dashing over rocks, and struggling with impediments, is seen flowing brightly and cheerfully along, bordered by meadows of the liveliest green; now and then embowered in a cluster of trees—one little field of the freshest verdure swelling forward beyond the rest, round which the river winds, so as, in appearance to form an island. To the left, the Dargle, where all the beauties which so much enchant now appear one undistinguished mass of leaves. Right opposite, the Sugar-loaf, with his train of rough and abrupt mountains, remaining dark in the midst of sunshine, like the frowning guardians of the valley. These, contrasted with the grand flowing outline of the mountains to the right—while far to the left the sea again discloses itself to the view, gives a finish to the picture which mocks the boldest effort of art and refinement.

"Amongst the principal stations, or prospect-places, must be noticed the summit of a precipice, locally termed *the Lover's Leap*, at no great distance from the entrance of the Dargle on the Powerscourt side. In the fore ground the river breaks over fantastic knolls of dissevered rock, its white surge contrasted with the dark hue of those craggy impediments, and of the matted foliage which descends even to the margin of the waters. Beyond are displayed, with astonishing splendour, the unequal grounds of Powerscourt, and the adjacent country, richly verdant and adorned with forest trees and plantations, which gather into groups, or lie spread in long and massy continuance. The mountains on both sides recede in sullen magnificence, to admit of one of the finest sites in nature for the mansion of that territory; and, in the extreme distance, are ranges of mountains, in picturesque varieties of altitude and covering, their summits forming an outline of exquisite beauty.

"Having now wearied himself examining the various beauties in this lovely glen, the traveller will be glad to turn for refreshment to the neat little village of Enniskerry, situated in the immediate neighbourhood. It is placed on a gentle slope, and its white cottages, partially screened by foliage, presents a captivating picture of repose and rural beauty, at various points of the winding descent by which the village is approached.

"The scalp is a deep defile, formed by the operations of nature, in the bosom of a rock or mountain, composed of granite. The sides are acclivitous, but not so near the perpendicular as to prove inaccessible; and the whole surface of the ascent, on both sides, is covered with prodigious and disjointed masses of stone, which shoulder each other in tumultuous confusion, and threaten to fall upon, and crush, the passenger at each adventurous footstep. When the traveller looks back, and views this tremendous chasm in dreary perspective, he is almost induced to believe that the base of the mountain has, at some remote period, given way, throughout the extent of the ravine he has passed, and the incumbent mass fallen into the hollow of the earth; thus leaving a frightful channel, not to be accounted for on a consideration of the ordinary works of nature."

From this to Dublin is a pleasing drive of eight miles.

ROMANCE OF IRISH HISTORY—THE BANQUET.

The ascension of Edward the Sixth to the throne of England caused universal joy throughout that nation. Ambassadors poured in from all parts of the continent to congratulate the young king: banquet succeeded banquet—and every heart was joyful and happy, when freed from the tyranny of the eighth Henry.

It has seldom fallen to the lot of an historian to recount a more splendid scene of regal pomp and magnificence, than enlivened the palace of the Duke of Somerset (then Lord Protector of the realm of England during the minority of Edward), on the occasion of the German ambassador's introduction to court. The king signified his intention of being present at the festivities, and accordingly every preparation that human ingenuity could devise, or wealth procure, was ready to greet the royal guest. At length a flourish of trumpets and cornets announced the king's approach, and in a few moments he entered the

banqueting room, accompanied by the newly arrived ambassador and his train, who took their places indifferently among the assembled revellers.

Popular indignation had long been rising against the Protector, and had lately been joined in by the clergy, who exclaimed loudly against him for his sacrilegious destruction of the parish church of Saint Mary's, and three bishops' houses, which he took down to make room for a magnificent palace, then building. As yet nothing but murmurs of the Duke's rapaciousness and extortion had reached the king's ears; but when he saw the grandeur and magnificence here displayed, he was perfectly dazzled, and inwardly began to think that those murmurs were not altogether without foundation.

Three months after the scene here described, the proud duke was an inhabitant of a dungeon—but events of far greater importance to Ireland than the arrest of the Protector of England, emanated from this ball.

After the king's entering the banqueting-room, rich cordials and generous wines began to circulate freely among the gallants; nor were the ladies excused from raising the golden cup to their pouting lips—every where was mirth and gaiety. From the banquet the revellers adjourned to the hall, when dancing commenced.

Amidst the glittering throng that now moved gracefully through the mazes of the dance, one couple attracted considerable attention. The gentleman appeared to be a foreigner, and belonged to the German train. He was a noble looking young man; his features inclined to the oval; his black hair curled negligently over his broad and manly shoulders, and the flashes of his dark eye told that he was proud in the consciousness of innate worth and independence. He appeared about the age of twenty, as did also his beauteous partner. Her form was slight, but beautifully formed; her blue eyes—but 'twould be impossible to do justice to her beauty; description would but lessen it. Many a glance was directed after her as she passed, and many a cup drained to the health of the daughter of Sir Anthony Brown—the beauteous Mabel; and many a young gallant wished her partner among the wilds of his native country.

The German and his partner seemed mutually pleased with each other, but there was a hopelessness in the gaze which he would now and then turn on her, that almost bordered on despair.

"Do you feel ill, fair Sir?" said Mabel to him, as she caught his dark eye resting sadly upon her.

"Nay, my sweet lady," replied the German; "but sad thoughts will steal through the heart in the midst of joy."

"Ah!" said she, smiling, "I understand you—your heart is left in safe keeping, and—"

"Indeed you wrong me," said he, interrupting her, and gracefully bowing, "my heart shall be always at your ladyship's service."

The maiden blushed, but remained silent.

Dancing had been ended, and he led her to the only seat vacant, at a retired part of the room. While here, both Mabel and the German were silent; his soul stood hovering on his lips; he seized the opportunity, and poured into her listening ear "his soul felt flame." She sighed, and turned her bright blue eyes upon him with a look of unutterable tenderness; her hand was clasped in his; she would have spoken, but the approach of company prevented her. Thus in the space of a few hours were hearts wooed and won.

"But tell me" whispered the fair Mabel to her partner, as they were again descending the dance, "tell me what nameshall I call you—the Baron—the Baron Von—what?" and she looked inquiringly in his face.

The German, who a moment before seemed the very spirit of gaiety, suddenly let fall her hand; his countenance changed to a deadly pale, and he remained a long time silent: at length he whispered to her, with a gentle pressure of her hand, which he had again resumed, "Call me," said he, "but plain Gerald."

These were the last words he spoke to her that night, as the ball broke up; but he obtained a promise from her to grant him a private interview in her father's garden; and when she left the hall, he felt for the first time as if he were alone in the world.

"Never before did Gerald (as we shall now call him) think a day so long as that which preceded the evening of appointment; and anxiously did he watch the last beams of the sun descend behind the purple mountains. As soon as twilight spread her "grey mantle" over the heavens, Gerald was at the appointed place. He heard a light foot, and the next moment he clasped Mabel to his throbbing bosom.

"And now," said Mabel, "have I not done wrong, very wrong—why should we have ever met?"

She thought she heard a foot, and she turned to fly, when Gerald, casting himself on his knees before her, entreated her to hear him for a moment—an instant. At length she consented; and Gerald rising with dignity, said—

"Lady! if you will accept of an outlaw's hand and heart, you shall have it; but 'tis all that Gerald Fitzgerald has now to offer."

"Mabel started at the name. She had heard of the misfortunes of the noble house of the Geraldine, and thought that they deserved them, and particularly for their late rebellion (that of Silken Thomas, the father, as our readers have now recognised, of our hero). She had been taught to regard them, and the whole Irish nation, with abhorrence; but when she looked upon the noble form before her—the last surviving branch of an almost royal family—and thought of his misfortunes, and the danger he was in at that very moment—for the attainder was equally against him as it was against his father or uncles—she found that she loved him doubly for those very misfortunes, and sinking in his arms, she faintly whispered—"Dearest Gerald! I am thine!—thine for ever."

They heard a noise among some bushes that were near; he impressed one kiss on her lips and disappeared.

A short time after the meeting here described, Ireland rejoiced at the return of one of her most noble children from exile; he was accompanied by a beauteous bride, to whom he owed the restoration of all his honours and estates. It was Gerald Fitzgerald and the disinterested Mabel, now Earl and Countess of Kildare. They had eloped together, and by the interest of her friends the fortunes and honors of the Geraldine were liberally restored.

T. A. G—M—N.

STORY OF MORGAN PRUSSIA.

George the Fourth, when Prince Regent, remarkable for his dexterity in telling a story, was fond of collecting instances of the whim and humour of the Irish peasantry.—One of those was—the history of Morgan Prussia.

Morgan, the gay and handsome son of a low Irish farmer, tired of home, went to take the chances of the world, and seek his fortune. By what means he traversed England, or made his way to France, is not told. But he at length crossed France also, and, probably without much knowledge or much care whether he were moving to the north or the south pole, found himself in the Prussian territory. This was in the day of the first Frederic, famous for his tall regiment of guards, and for nothing else; except his being the most dangerous compound of fool and madman among the crowned heads of the Continent. He had but one ambition, that of inspecting twice a-day, a regiment of a thousand grenadiers, not one of whom was less than six feet and a half high. Morgan was an Irish giant, and was instantly seized by the Prussian recruiting sergeants, who forced him to volunteer into the tall battalion. This turn of fate was totally out of the Irishman's calculation; and the prospect of carrying a musket till his dying day on the Potsdam parade, after having made up his mind to live by his wits and rove the world, more than once tempted him to think of leaving his musket and his honour behind him, and fairly trying his chance for escape. But the attempt was always found impracticable; the frontier was too closely watched, and Morgan still marched up and down the Potsdam parade with a disconsolate heart; when one evening a Turkish recruit was brought in; for Frederic looked to nothing but the thews and sinews of a man, and the Turk was full seven feet high.

"How much did his majesty give for catching that heathen!" said Morgan to his corporal. "Four hundred dollars," was the answer. He burst out into an exclamation

of astonishment at this waste of royal treasure upon a Turk. "Why, they cannot be got for less," replied the corporal. "What a pity my five brothers cannot hear of it!" said Morgan, "I am a dwarf to any one of them, and the sound of half the money would bring them all over immediately." As the discovery of a tall recruit was the well known road to favouritism, five were worth at least a pair of colours to the corporal; the conversation was immediately carried to the sergeant, and from him through the gradation of officers to the colonel, who took the first opportunity of mentioning it to the king. The colonel was instantly ordered to question Morgan. But he at once lost all memory on the subject. "He had no brothers: he had made the regiment his father and mother and relations, and there he hoped to live and die." But he was urged still more strongly, and at length confessed, that he had brothers, even above the regimental standard, but that nothing on earth could stir them from their spades."

After some time, the king inquired for the five recruits, and was indignant when he was told of the impossibility of enlisting them. "Send the fellow himself," he exclaimed, "and let him bring them back." The order was given, but Morgan was broken hearted "at the idea of so long an absence from the regiment." He applied to the colonel to have the order revoked, or at least given to some one else. But this was out of the question, for Frederic's word was always irrevocable; and Morgan, with a disconsolate face, prepared to set out upon his mission. But a new difficulty struck him. "How was he to make his brothers come, unless he shewed them the recruiting money?" This objection was at last obviated by the advance of a sum equal to about three hundred pounds sterling, as a first instalment for the purchase of his family. Like a loyal grenadier, the Irishman was now ready to attempt any thing for his colonel or his king, and Morgan began his journey. But, as he was stepping out of the gates of Potsdam, another difficulty occurred; and he returned to tell the colonel, that of all people existing, the Irish were the most apt to doubt a traveller's story, they being in the habit of a good deal of exercise in that style themselves; and that when he should go back to his own country and tell them of the capital treatment and sure promotion that a soldier met with in the guards, the probability was, that they would laugh in his face. As to the money, "there were some who would not scruple to say that he stole it, or tricked some one out of it. But, undoubtedly, when they saw him walking back only as a common soldier, he was sure that they would not believe a syllable, let him say what he would about rising in the service."

The objection was intelligible enough, and the colonel represented it to Frederic, who, doubly outrageous at the delay, swore a grenadier oath, ordered Morgan to be made a *sous officier*, or upper sergeant, and, with a sword and epaulette, sent him instantly across the Rhine to convince his five brothers of the rapidity of Prussian promotion. Morgan flew to his home in the county Carlow, delighted the firesides for many a mile round with his having outwitted a king and a whole battalion of grenadiers, laid out his recruiting money on land, and became a man of estate at the expense of the Prussian treasury.

One ceremony remains to be recorded. Once a year, on the anniversary of the day on which he left Potsdam and its giants behind, he climbed a hill within a short distance of his house, turned himself in the direction of Prussia, and with the most contemptuous gesture which he could contrive, bade good-by to his majesty! The *russe* was long a great source of amusement, and its hero, like other heroes, bore through life the name earned by his exploit, *Morgan Prussia*.

A SURGEON'S STORY.

Some three or four years since, a friend of mine, whom I shall call Ormsby, removed from his chambers in the University, and entered himself as a resident medical student in Stevens's Hospital, Dublin. He was a very young man at that time, an orphan, and he knew that he should have to trust his own abilities and exertions alone, to win an honourable name in the profession, of which he was an enthusiastic member. He was of a thoughtful and pro-